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Out of the Depths

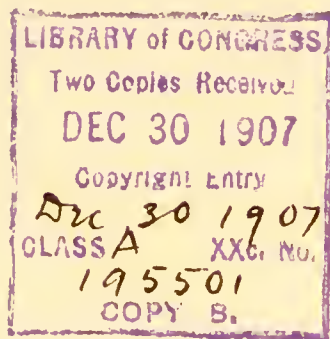
BY

CARRIE B. VAUGHAN



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THE NEW THOUGHT

'Tis borne upon the waiting air,
It pulses o'er the sea:
The vibrant thought of worlds afar
Bids superstition flee.

It moves the whole glad earth to-day
With influence unseen;
Now millions own its magic touch
And walk with angel mien.

For day by day and hour by hour
New impulses unfold.
And yet, 't is naught but ancient lore,
Deep mysteries retold.

Our Father's hand still leadeth us
Through meadows fair and sweet,
Or into paths of deepest woe
To make our lives complete.

GOD LIVETH EVER

God liveth ever, everywhere:

If near to Him we're found
There's naught too hard for us to meet —
His love and help abound.

But we must choose the better part:
He waits for us to call
And gives us lavishly indeed;
What harm can e'er befall?

Then seek Him in the burning bush
And on the mountain-top;
We cannot look in vain for Him,
Nor go where God is not.
It only needs the open eye,
The heart attuned to praise,
To see His hand in ev'ry act,
His love o'er all our ways.

O, could our feet but scale the heights
What visions would be ours!
But we can strive, and in our flights
Ascend the lofty tow'rs
That bring us near the realm beyond
And there await the call
From Him who plans our pilgrimage,
Who knows and pities all.

He will not turn one soul aside,
But with unfailing love
Will lead us gently on and on
To dwell with Him above.
Press forward! if endeavor fail,
Still let your aim be high;
The moment waits when sure success,
Through Him, is drawing nigh.

THE NIGHT DOTTH COME

The night doth come as surely as the day,
And we have need of all that night can bring:
The shining of the stars, the fair, pale moon,
The darkness folding close—a phantom thing.

When night doth come all work is laid aside,
And men go forth, each on a different quest:
Some but to eat and drink—carousal coarse—
And others to enjoy a well-earned rest.

How wonderful the power that night doth hold!
Base deeds it hides while better thoughts have
 birth
As peace and rest encompass weary souls
Within its broad domain, encircling earth.

The night has many phases all its own;
Day follows day amid unceasing change,
But each returning night healing and balm doth
 bring.
The dark, mysterious night—is it not strange?

The precious pearl is hid in tight-closed shell
And there in darkness forms in purity so white:
Thus souls to full maturity shall grow,
And shall attain unlooked for light.

Then let us thank the Giver of the night:
He saw our need and in His own good way
Provided rest for weary, troubled souls.
The night doth come,—so bravely meet the day.

WE DIE DAILY

We daily die unto our old desires:

The acts that please us, and the words that
wound.

The things that at a distance loomed so large

Can scarce be seen when at our feet they're
found.

The little things that torture and perplex

Are slowly dying as we gain in pow'r:

The time will come when we shall keep serene

Whatever fate shall render as our dow'r.

ASPIRATION

Lord, thy spirit now reveal,

Let our souls no sin conceal.

Pure and open as the day

Be our thoughts and acts alway.

May we never lose a friend —

Help and cherish to the end.

When at last our race is run

May we leave no good undone.

Gaining freedom, this our plea:

“Not a tear let fall for me:

O, thou hast no cause to weep,—

Flesh, not spirit, here doth sleep.

He that loseth life shall find:

Links invisible shall bind.

Swifter yet our souls shall meet,

Joining in communion sweet.

RESTING IN GOD

Resting in God!
What thought can so inspire?
Resting in God,
We from the world retire.

Resting in God,
All evil falls away.
Resting in God,
We gain in strength each day.

Resting in God,
Our thoughts are all of peace.
Resting in God,
We find all sorrow cease.

Resting in God,
Each day grows strangely calm.
Resting in God,
We gain the victor's palm.

"HE GIVES HIS ANGELS CHARGE"

"He gives his angels charge" concerning thee,
"Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a
stone,"
Then bids thee roam the wide world swift and free
And know that thou canst walk no more alone.

They hold thee though the way be dark and long;
If thou wouldst rest they softly guard thy sleep.
Then let thy heart and lips breathe gladdest song —
Because His love doth sure thy footsteps keep!

THORN—CROWNED

I close mine eyes at twilight's calm,
When in the silence still I rest,
And lo! within a halo bright
I see the Savior's head, so blest.

Alas! His brow is pierced by thorns —
A woful fate! what can it mean?
Yet never smile so sad and sweet
Upon another face was seen.

"Lord, show me not the crown of thorns:
I cannot wear it now," I pray,
"But let some lighter task be mine;
And give me strength to serve, each day.

I only live from hour to hour,
To look ahead appalleth me.
I'll meet the burdens as they come,
But let my soul unfettered be.

If I have turned aside at times
From discipline or duty stern,
Appear and show the better way;
Nor let me e'er Thy precepts spurn.

I read that human 'tis to err:
O, teach me how to be divine!
Grant me forgiveness, full and free,
Then,—all my love and service, Thine.

"Keep Thou the future veiled," I plead.
"If happiness shall come to me
I may, in eager waiting, slight
Some task to draw me nearer Thee.

If I must still be sorely bruised
Withhold the knowledge for awhile;
And when a little stronger grown,
Lord, grant that then I, too, may smile."

"DOWN TO SLEEP"

My precious babe, I fold thee close
As "Down to sleep" I lay thee now,
And "Pray the Lord" thy "Soul to keep"
As over thee in prayer I bow.

I cannot say "If thou shouldst die,"
My little one,—I love thee so.
O, stay and make my Heaven here!
I cannot, cannot let thee go.

Without thee, what would life become?
A cold and barren thing, indeed!
O, stay his hand if Death draws near
And let my baby wake, I plead.

Now shut those eyes of dazzling blue,—
The heavy lids fall softly down,
Then rise and fall again, and lo,
My baby's off to Dreamland Town.

“NON NOBIS SOLUM”

Thou canst not live unto thyself alone:

Each thought goes out, though much against
thy will;

The words thou speakest, though at midnight hour,
Bear each a message—be it good or ill.

Then rule thyself. Let thought and action tell

Of that great Power which ever watches o'er,
Until the world shall see upon thy face
Reflection of the inner light once more.

O, make that light the priceless pearl of life!

And guard thy soul from e'en the tiniest stain.
These having done, when called to higher spheres
Know that thou surely hast not lived in vain.

Let not thy thought be wholly for thyself:

For even now, upon the border-land
Await the weary and discouraged souls
Who can be saved by kindly, helping hand.

It may be that one word, or thought or deed

May turn the current and inspire their souls;
Then do not hold it back, but freely give
As He has given who human life controls.

“Not merely for ourselves” must guide thy life;

Now send the thought the waiting world around.
Let the discouraged the vibration feel,
And in it may new impulses be found.

ONLY A LITTLE WAY

Only a little way,
Just through an open door,
Out of the flesh, we say,—
Just as we were before.

Loving as we have loved,
Still closely bound to earth,
Grieving alone for you,
Flesh is of little worth.

Waiting till you can see
Some rift within the cloud,
Our saddest thought is this:
That grief must still enshroud.

Whene'er some light shall fall
Upon your darkened path,
O, then be ours the joy
That never mortal hath!

Your vision is too dull
To see the glories veiled
That dawned upon our opened eyes
And we with rapture hailed.

When you the step must take
Our loving hands will guide.
Keep not this knowledge for yourself,
But spread it far and wide.

Go, tell the world that we
Are still unchanged and true, —
Save that through death we have attained
A broader, wiser view.

We have the power to guide,
So hold yourself in peace.
O, grasp this wondrous truth
And let your mourning cease!

What though rebuffs must come?
They give an added zest
And purify the soul;
Then yield not to unrest.

Never while cords of love
Reach from your souls to ours
Shall we be wholly weaned from earth,
Through linked with mighty pow'rs.

But if the time shall come
When earthly love grows cold
No longer by your side we stay —
Yet still we closely hold.

Ours is the larger love,
Which asks that what is best,
In His good time, may come to you
And give you peace and rest.

We have our work to do:
To help some sin-sick soul,
To gently turn the wayward feet,
Or hurtful thought control.

While we have not the pow'r
To every thought renew,
We can suggest the rightful course
And help them to be true.

We can bring better things
Within their vision keen
Until all evil 's crowded out,
The while we work unseen.

When the glad day shall come
That you the truth accept,
Then evermore the light will shine —
Beloved, do not reject.

It means so much to us:
For we have waited long.
Unseen, unrecognized, the while
In love we round you throng.

We often go, 't is true,
But never far away;
The least vibration chains our feet
And by your side we stay.

O, will you not give rein
To the unselfish love
That lets us go to gather strength
And knowledge found above?

Then we can give you more,
And lead you farther on,—
Until at last we lead you to
The glad, unending morn.

THE HUMAN AURA

Each being hath its aura,
And ev'ry opened eye
Can read it with a ready glance—
Can trace each laugh or sigh.

If thou hast scattered sunshine
Along some darkened way,
Then will that light illumine thy soul
And in thy aura play.

The colors of thy spirit
Thou takest ev'rywhere:
No human hand hath mixed them,
Yet they glow in beauty rare.

They tell, to those who see them,
A strange and varied tale;
Not all are bright—a few so black
They make the spirit quail.

With some, 't is like a palette
With paints unmixed and crude;
But after they are blended
And Artist eye hath viewed,

When Artist's hand hath held the brush
And in the light they gleam
How great a marvel hath been wrought —
How beautiful they seem!

If thou canst gain an entrance
Into the childish heart
Thou yet mayst learn of many things:
Strange mysteries impart.

Some say when night hath fallen,
While yet they wait for sleep
The rainbow colors round them play
And bring them slumber deep.

Still others say a magic wheel
Is turning round and round,
While some can see the rainbow arch;
Few have no colors found.

The Christus knew whereof he spake:
To his disciples taught
A lesson when within their midst
A little child he brought.

“Become a little child again,
And thou shalt surely be
Within my kingdom great, indeed—
From ev’ry sin set free.

But if through thee offense appears
To e’en the smallest one,
Then woe be thine — and woe for all
Through whom offense shall come.”

Become a little child to-day,
And thou shalt surely see
Life’s colors play before thine eyes
In perfect harmony.

Each soul its aura can control
And make it coarse or fine.
The outward form? It matters not —
The psychic force is thine.

If in the grasp of passion base,
The shadow of thy sin
Shall fold thee close until o'er self
The victory thou shalt win.

If all the standard colors
Are with thee and around
Complete development is shown,
With strength, and thought profound.

And if the perfect rainbow
Shall arch above thee, then
It shows that thou art blessed, indeed
Above thy fellow-men.

If haply time there cometh
When enshrined in purest light
Thy spirit waits, the victory
Is thine,—the future bright.

Then let no failure daunt thee,
For help is always near
To blend the colors. At thy call
It will at once appear.

And when the Master Artist
A few deft strokes applies,
Lo! beauty that is born of God
The waiting souls surprise.

BELIEF

What is belief? A most illusive force.

Elusive too, and changes in an hour,—
Aye, in an instant's time; while it exists
It full dominion o'er the soul has pow'r.

We think belief is fixed, and then comes doubt;
We question why the saintly souls of earth
Must suffer more than those of blackest dye:
And it is then that unbelief has birth.

Thereafter scales must ever sway and swing.
Few hold the balance true from night till morn:
They say they do, but deep within their souls
Day after day the weighing still goes on.

And so it will till dawn of better things
That come through the benignant hand of grief;
When plunged into the depths then may we say:
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

Could we but see our loved ones as they are —
The gift is ours, though in abeyance held —
How surely it would serve to give us faith:
Each day our souls to God more firmly weld.

It is the thought that here we may not know
What lieth just beyond that frets us so.
But we can know of many hidden things
If we but loose our hold on all below.

And in the future, when the truth is known,
As it must sometime be, beyond a doubt,
Belief becomes a most substantial force
That none of us will care to live without.

Now, while we wait it will be better far
To live the Christ-life. Do not let us mar
A new-formed faith, unsettle old belief,—
But for ourselves accept what brings relief.

If we but question in all honesty
It matters little what belief may be.
Hold fast to God, who whispers to our souls.
Sometime we'll know that true belief makes free.

“DE PROFUNDIS”

“Out of the depths” have I cried unto thee:
Thou, only Thou, my tired spirit can free.
Long have I waited, but joy cometh not —
Darkness o’ershadows. The rest I have sought
Cometh no nearer; I wait in despair.
Now, “De Profundis”—and into Thy care.

“Out of the depths” into brightness untold!
Long have I suffered, Thy love hath consoled.
Long have I waited Thy summons, and now
Lowly before Thee in gratitude bow.
List to the words that I gratefully sing
Lord, “De Profundis!” Thy praises shall ring.

HE GIVES US CHOICE

He gives us choice:
He does not say "Thou shalt,"
But, "Wilt thou time thy daily steps to mine?
'T is as thou wilt. Walk with me
And the universe is thine."

He gives us choice:
He sends no rosy dreams to tempt;
But, "Wouldst thou gain the victory divine?
Arise and fight beside me,
While thy deeds with glory shine."

He gives us choice:
If we accept the wrong
He leaves the door ajar and waits our call,
Then welcomes us. We thank Him
That He cares so much for all.

He gives us choice:
But, loving us, He strives
To lead us gently heavenward each day.
Let us be led, and through Him
Find the light, the truth, the way.

HE LEADS US

He leads us.
O, the thorny places where He leads us!
Sometimes so sharp we scarce can bear the smart.
But in a little while, in tender love
He feeds us
And pours the softest oil upon our hearts.

He leads us.
Very close to Heav'n He leads us!
Sometimes so close we long to dwell therein
Whate'er we do, "Our Father"
Always heeds us.
To serve Him better let us now begin.

He leads us.
Yes, how willingly He leads us!
Though sometimes we reluctant lag behind,
With clasp of His sustaining hand we feel
He needs us,—
And quickly grasp the plan that He designed.

He leads us.
Many, many ways He leads us!
And we are healed by virtue of His touch.
We go, rejoicing at the heritage
He deeds us,
To work with Him,—who gives us all so much.

He leads us.
Let us thank Him that He leads us,
And with unfalt'ring trust our hand extend.
Though it be dark, "Our Father" sees
And reads us.
He knows what forces in our lives to blend.

FINISHED

We may walk through the valley, 'neath the shadow
Ere we leave the body to its sure decay.
We may hold the Angel Death in close communion
Ere the spirit enters on the heavenly way.

“Dust to dust” may long remain unspoken,
We may plead in vain for our release,
Useless ever is the soul's rebellion,—
When it yields, then follows priceless peace.

Many lines deep in the soul are chiseled
By the loving Master Hand before we go;
It is when His plan alone has been perfected
That we the glorious life beyond may know.

Life in death is given unto many,
Death in life required of but the few.
Greatest brilliancy doth follow deepest polish
Of the diamond, bright as morning dew.

We must meet ev'ry sorrow without flinching,
Greeting with a smile the mallet's swing.
When Life's Sculptor shall pronounce us finished
Heavenly harmonies within the soul shall ring.

HE CONQUERS WHO ENDURES

We know not why so dark the path
Doth lie before our feet,
Nor why our lives must ever show
Some portion incomplete.

Why is it not, like fairest flowers,
Perfect and sweet and full?
Why always show the flaws within?—
Is life for aye a school?

And must we struggle day by day
To gain a victory slow,—
Honor and truth yield to our foes
At their first, weakest blow?

Nay, though we fight with palsied hand
Still truth and honor may,
At least, be ours,—and God's own love.
Then cast the gloom away.

THY BROTHER

Why seest thou thy brother's fault?
His weakness thine may be;
Then "Cover it with silence deep"
Should be thy daily plea.

Thou knowest not why he to sin
The barriers let fall:
Let his own conscience give reproof,
Then help rebuild the wall

And build it higher, so that he
Intrenched more strongly be.
Make him more eager for the fight,
Lead him himself to free.

When, at the last, o'er self and sin
The victory is gained
Be glad for him as for thyself,
His courage never waned.

TRUST

We know not if the way
Be long or short;
The Father holds our hands,—
Then doubt Him not.

He will not lead us where
We cannot go
Nor will He tell us why
He leads us so.

We must take all on trust:
That we can do;
His loved has never failed
The long years through.

Why should we question when
It doth appear
That we are left alone?
He's always near.

Although we oft may change
He changes not,
And we shall always find,
What'er our lot,

That when to Him we turn
A refuge sure
Will open to our souls,—
His love endure.

OUR DEAD

Within the gallery of time
Are hung fair pictures all our own.
Life's ladder round by round we climb,
Each step is on the canvas thrown.

In youth the days too quickly fly,
Our very griefs are lightly borne:
We live and love and laugh and cry
With joy, and then—we mourn.

The years pass on and we, the while,
Still view the canvas as of yore;
We watch the shadowy phantoms file
Until our hearts can bear no more.

But as the eventide draws near
We sit and gaze, with folded hands,
Adown the years without a fear;
“Our Father” sees. He understands.

Where once we wept in anguish keen
We now subdue the rising tear,
For, wiser grown, although unseen
We know our dead are always near.

For them we smile, our love we show
By bright'ning paths for other feet.
Released at last, full well we know
That we shall go with footsteps fleet.

So while we wait we smile and sing—
Each day but brings them nearer still:
They, by their gracious presence, bring
The pow'r life's mission to fulfil.

KIN

It is not in ties of blood
That the soul finds kin,
Often 't is the stranger's hand
Lets the sun shine in.

Often 't is the stranger's eye,
Glancing swiftly into ours,
That stirs some half-forgotten dream
Or rouses latent pow'rs.

There is magic in a glance,
There is strength to which we hold
If behind the mask of flesh
Beats a heart of gold.

THY HOLY HILL

Lord, who shall stand upon thy holy hill?
The man whose life is clean, whose soul is pure,—
The man whose heart with human love can thrill,
Who for love's sake will even wrong endure.

The steadfast man, who builds upon a rock,
Who walks each day the perfect path of peace,
Who flinches not however hard the shock,
Who calmly smiles and bids temptation cease.

*“AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE
NIGHT ”*

Dost marvel at the brightness on thy way?
Behold, for thee hath dawned unending day.
No more shall night its sombre shadow throw
Across thy pathway. Thou art safe we know.
No ill can harm thee now, no care or pain.
But we, alas! reach after thee in vain.

Upon thy loved ones left falls night, indeed!
Thou art the gainer, ours the hearts that bleed.
And yet, we bravely smile amid our tears;
For thee no more our hearts shall fill with fears,
But looking onward, upward, calmly say:
“At last we, too, shall find unending day.”

THE INNER LIFE

The inner life? A deeply hidden force,
Revealed to God alone.
We walk apart, alas! by day and night,
While mingling with our own.

Why is it we cannot in thought unite
If all God's children are?
Why must we be so sorely hurt at times?
Our souls by discord mar?

I ask: without the struggle, what is birth?
And death is much the same.
If such strict discipline the flesh requires
We surely must not blame

The All-wise Pow'r who thus that life has hid
From curious, prying eyes,
That He requires the strictest discipline
If we would win the prize.

Though to our untrained souls the way seems long
And we oft turn aside,
We must take all the steps, and we retard
Our growth when we have tried

To reach life's mile-stones by a different route
Than in His plan laid out.
But, in the pauses, let us, day by day,
In silence stand without

The temple of each soul we fain would win,
And gently fan the spark
That glows with wondrous purity therein
To overpow'r the dark.

Soon will the tiny spark burst into flame,
Revealing treasures hid,
And with the magic pass-word, "In His name,"
To enter we are bid,

And told to take for ours the shining gems
Best suited to our needs.
At last we learn that when this choice is given
We earn it by our deeds.

That we are not required to walk alone
When we can comprehend
The glorious brotherhood of God and man, —
Gain pow'r the two to blend.

SOMETIME

Sometime, when the lessons of life have been
learned,
And the garments we've worn put aside,
We shall know why our efforts were seemingly
vain,
Why sorrow so oft did betide.

Perhaps we may see, as each lesson we conned
The hand of the Teacher divine
Led us tenderly on o'er the ruggedest paths
While He taught us our will to resign.

When safe in the school of His wisdom above
The reason for living we see,
We may thank Him for much that seemed hard
at the time —
Refusing to grant us our plea.

He knoweth what lesson removed from our heart
The bitterness, doubt or despair:
Then with the sweet faith that in childhood we
knew
Let us speak to "Our Father" in prayer.

O, Lord, may we ever turn trusting to Thee
Though the gold in our lives turn to dust.
Thou canst care for our loved ones far better
than we —
We yield to Thy will. Thou art just.

THE BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas eve,
I hear the bells to-day
Ring out their carols clear and sweet.
O, list! how soft they play!

What is the message that they bring?
"Peace and good will to men."
The waiting air their tones repeat.
Again I hear! again!

Though roaming lone in distant land
My spirit will not stay,
But on the wings of memory dear
Serene it floats away.

It seeketh those it fain would bless:
The loved, the tried and true.
In faith it touches broken threads,
Uniting old and new.

It asks no greater boon than this:
To carry peace and love
To those in anguish and despair,
And bid them look above.

I would that all the bells could hear,
Though in the depths they dwell.
O, Father, so attune their ear
That in Thy love they dwell!

All, all who hold within themselves
Good will to men, and peace,
Belong to Thee alone this day,
And wayward quest shall cease.

Then ring, ye bells! play o'er and o'er!
Afar the tidings fling!
And gladden ev'ry waiting heart
With messages ye bring.

PEACE ON EARTH

What led the wise men in their quest
That wondrous night of old,
When on they went, nor paused for rest,
With gifts of spice and gold?

It was a star of radiant light
That led, and failed them not
Until it shed its lustre white
Above the Child they sought.

Then, "Glory to the King of Kings!"
They bow them to the ground,
While "Peace on earth" an angel sings —
They marvel at the sound.

Though ages long have passed away
His glory never dims,
Triumphant, each returning year,
Resound the Christmas hymns.

Then "Peace on earth" indeed we find,
Within each heart "Good-will."
A love embracing all mankind
Repeats that message still.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS

There is a wondrous story,
A tale of olden time,
That filled the world with glory, —
Made motherhood sublime.

'T was in an eastern country,
Within a temple served
A fair and spotless maiden, —
Nor from one duty swerved.

She daily grew in beauty,
No stain her soul could show,
Then chosen of the Lord was she
Sweet motherhood to know.

The Angel came to Joseph
In revelation clear
And bade him give her watchful care —
He had no cause for fear.

He of the "House of David"
His yearly tax must pay,
And "Bethlehem, the golden,"
Was many miles away.

So Joseph, grave and rev'rent,
His trembling child-wife placed
Upon a poorly laden beast,
Their Bethlehem journey traced.

But when within the city
No inn, with open door
He found, no one to pity —
Only a stable floor.

There for a moment placed her,
Then quickly spread some grain
Within a manger hard and rough,
Then sought his wife again.

How tenderly he laid her
Upon that lowly bed!
How glory shone around her —
Who had been heaven-led!

The waiting hours passed slowly
When,—hark ye to the sound!
A baby's cry rang lowly
The silent rafters round.

And soon the holy Jesus
Was cradled on her breast:
To sleep the Babe and mother sank
In quiet, dreamless rest.

Then, "Christ is born of Mary,"
The waiting angels cry.
The sky is filled with radiant light,
Loud anthems ring on high.

"Glory to God, the highest!
Peace and good will to men!"
Is sounding on the waiting air.
Again it comes! Again!

The waking mother, smiling,
Her babe more closely clasps,
While, slowly borne upon her,
The wondrous truth she grasps.

No one can wrest it from her,
The honor hers alone.
Yet, O, the agony, the grief
That mother-heart has known!

Full well we know the story,
And each returning year
"Glory to God the highest"
Still echoes far and near.

BLIND FROM HIS BIRTH

With eyes unseeing, and with wearied face,
There stands a man who has been blind from
birth.

But not alone, for pitying angels come
To cheer him as they lightly tread the earth.
They gather round him, bearing golden gifts,
And precious, loving thoughts to make him
strong.

But still he sees not. So those shining ones
Return to higher spheres from which they throng.
They sorrow, for the tidings that they bear
Will grieve the One who for mankind doth care.

They seek His presence with reluctant step,
There to confess their failure in low tone.
Yet well they know awaits a welcome sure,
For all who strive He never will disown;
And these His angels are! they see His face;
And, seeing, gain each time an added grace.
These are the words they utter, bending low,—
Saddened, and yet with faces all aglow:
"O, Master, we have offered gifts so pure and
free

Unto a groping, weary, earth-born soul
But he could none perceive. We now return to
thee:

May we not bear to others waiting there
The priceless treasures that he could not see?"

The Master listened. Then He spake as one
To whom all things are plain: "Nay, do not,
fear,

For there shall come a time when I, his Lord,
Shall so anoint his eyes that sight be clear;
Let him then enter on his heritage.
If long delayed, perchance he'll hold it dear
And waste it not. The good can always wait —
Evil alone must haste or be too late.

Now, till his opened eyes shall gaze on hands
outstretched,

Laden with gifts from other worlds than his
Watch o'er him. Guide his heavy, stumbling feet
Until upon the solid rock he stands.

There will I ope his eyes, and thou shalt watch
The wondrous change sweeps o'er him when he
sees.

O, then present thy gifts and thou shalt know
What gratitude e'en earth-born souls can show."

The angels wait. May all who now are blind
Press forward till they stand upon that rock
Whose sure foundation faileth not and then,
While all the radiant host around them flock
In gleaming, spotless robes of silv'ry white
The Master's hand shall gently touch their eyes
And the most precious gift in life be theirs
As they, with glad surprise, behold the light.

“RESURGAM ”

“I am the resurrection and the life.”

These words spake Christ to one who waited
long.

List! as the Easter-tide again returns

We hear our Savior's words in sweetest song.
None can forget that on the cross He died,
All sufferers His agony recall.

But with the thought of resurrection, life,
Our grief is turned to joy. No tears shall fall.

THE EASTER LILY

The Easter lily bends its graceful head

And breathes its perfume on the balmy air.
Within its purity it doth imbed
A wealth of gold that gleams with beauty rare.

So, deep within thy soul God's love imbed:

It shall shine forth like gold that's tried by fire,
And far and near its radiance be shed —
To serve His risen Son thy one desire.

ARBUTUS

Hidden under the leaves so dead,
Shedding its perfume rare,
Gently lift from the ground away, —
Gather with tend'rest care.

Surely, a spirit dwells within
Chastened by suff'ring deep:
For thus alone doth beauty bloom
And undimmed brightness keep.

Softly it speaks to me to-day,
Now let it speak to you,
While it is fresh and fair and pure,
Laden with morning dew.

Listen. 'T will tell of shady dells,
Of birds and humming bees,
And nimble squirrels chattering
In gnarled and leafy trees,

Of butterflies at early dawn,
Moths in the dark'ning night,
The grim old rocks with lichens gray
Flooded with golden light.

Open your heart to the message fleet
Borne on its blushing face:
For more than all it speaks of Him
Who gave such dainty grace.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN

“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and drear.”
The loved are called, and we are left
To bear our sorrow here.

But not alone. He comfort sends,
And e’en the opening flowers
Speak tenderly of happier days
And cheer our saddest hours.

He called our dear ones to Himself,
We have not far to go,
And with His love to comfort us
We yet great joy may know.

The rain has fallen on our path —
Now may the sunshine fair
Illume each step until with Him
We endless sunshine share.

*"WE FEEL THE THING WE OUGHT TO
BE BENEATH THE THING WE ARE"*

— Hugo.

Beating against its prison walls,
Struggling itself to free,
We feel beneath the thing we are
The thing we ought to be.

Crushed by the sins that we commit,
Held back by word and deed,—
We know it can, at any time,
By our own act be freed.

Then let us not discouraged grow:
All souls shall be revealed
While heart to heart in truth speaks out,
And naught can be concealed.

We each must gain the victory:
Yield not to what we are,
But yield to what we ought to be
And growth no longer bar.

A PETITION

Lord, underneath the shadow of Thy pow'r
I would be found when danger threatens me.
There, too, be found when I of blessings sing,—
When tasting Thy rich bounty, full and free.

Nearer to Thee each day, O Lord of all,
Draw me and mine in tenderness and love.
Weak though I be, O Father, hear my call;
And ever turn my thoughts from earth, above.

RELEASE

I am spirit now, I plead,
And no more am bound by creed,
For Infinity alone
Speaks in language all its own.

Higher, higher let me climb,
Mingle with the souls sublime
That to greater deeds inspire.
“Is this truly thy desire?”

“Strive each day some good to do,
Be to others just and true,
Self forget, the right defend,—
Thou shalt conquer in the end.

When thou canst resign thy will,
And thy spirit, calm and still,
Hour by hour and day by day
Scatters blessings on its way,

Then, indeed, with grander souls
He whose pow’r thy fate controls
Will award thy place with joy
Where no dross shall gold alloy.

Earth or heav’n, it matters not:
Sin in each hath pow’r to blot.
When from Self redeemed at last,
Thou shalt find thy struggles past.”

CHEERFULNESS

Dost find cheer
Looking on a smiling face?
The same smile
Thine own sadder face would grace.

What cheers thee
That for other lives attain;
Comfort give,
Then thou hast not lived in vain.

If a frown
Thou each sunny morn shouldst meet,
Day of gloom
Would retard thy footsteps fleet.

Then wear smiles
Though sorrow stern eat thy heart.
Let thy grief
Unselfish be. Do thy part.

INNER SUNSHINE

The sunshine floods the earth
When clouds have passed away;
But know, 't is inner sunshine
That brightens all the day. .

E'en through the darkest hour
Its radiant light doth cheer;
When dowered with it the soul
Hath little cause for fear.

Within its steadfast light
Dark Sorrow's flag is furled.
The smiles of eye and lip
Shed brightness o'er the world

"WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?"

Eternity is here, and now:

I'll spend it with my brother, man.
Forget myself to comfort him —
This is a part of God's great plan.

He bids us seek the mourning ones,
Pour softest oil upon their hurts,
Weep when they weep, and share their joys, —
Such acts as these the soul converts.

He does not wish us now to dwell
In Heav'n's high courts, or He would say
"Come home." Nor need we leave the earth
To dwell in Hell — 't is here each day.

Yes, after death we live again:
For still our influence shall speak.
Then let our lives be strong and pure,
And yet with sweetness be replete.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

The way unto my father's house I seek,
I do not know why there are none to tell.
Each day I search and listen,—who shall speak?
No other thought inspires me—is it well?

They tell me that His house is fair to see,
For ev'ry child a room therein is found.
O, quickly to its shelter let me flee!
Where peace, and joy and rest for aye abound.

There I no more shall care or sorrow know,
On me no more the hand of sin can rest.
I long to dwell where all is peace, not woe.
When sheltered, I shall feel my lot is blessed.

I hear a voice, it whispers in my ear:
“Turn back, my child. Thou hast a work to do.
Fulfil thy mission, then without a fear
Seek thou that house. The door will ope to you.”

INCENTIVE

The miner daily grasps his pick
And toils with patient hand;
Full well he knows that nuggets rare
Are scattered through the land.

He cannot hope for fortune large
If to despair he yields,
And many days of fruitless search
He spends in barren fields.

But perseverance to the end
A sure reward will gain,
And he will find the golden ore
That long has hidden lain.

So with the mind: we cannot pause
If rich returns we ask,
But in the field of knowledge delve,—
Nor slight the smallest task.

*“THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT
PEACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED
ON THEE”*

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.”
O, Wilt thou, then, bid all life’s turmoil cease?
Canst thou pour balm upon a wounded soul
And heal all scars, as the fresh seasons roll?
Nay, child, the scars but show, in very truth,
A fight was fought, and both old age and youth
Should glory in these emblems of their deeds
Tho’ at each scar the spirit freshly bleeds.
And when with sorrow bowed e’en to the ground,
“He jests at scars that never felt a wound”
Will take a deeper meaning unto thee.
Ye shall see, too, that like the spreading tree
Ye must be pruned if compact ye would grow,
And flinch not when the knife descends: the blow
Falls to remove disfiguring debris,
Thus giving freer life. — The sages thus agree.

I KNOW NOT

“I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,”
Now let me softly whisper:
“’Tis little that I care.”

To do the present duty
Is joy enough for me:
To ease some daily burden,
Set some tired spirit free.

To scatter golden sunshine
Upon some darkened life,
To cheer a wounded spirit,
Or check some bitter strife,

To never cast a shadow
So close to Him I keep,—
This fills my heart with gladness
And present joys are deep.

RETURN

Low in the ground my body lies,
Behold a spirit strong and free.
I come to thee in glad surprise —
My thoughts may now be voiced by thee.

Oft would I speak to those I love,
There is the veil of flesh between
I cannot pierce; I look above
And ask to influence unseen.

I strive to make my presence known,
And oftentimes the mystic link
That bound our spirits seems to own
My subtile spirit touch, I think:

I long to bid them look beyond
Their narrow lives to other spheres,
Where they shall find a closer bond
Unites us in the coming years;

A common brotherhood reveal
To those who dimly understand
The glories that the flesh conceal,
As day by day their souls expand.

I ask that soon each one may know
That death is not decay, indeed!
But life, full, grand and free evolves
Through death. For this great boon I plead.

LIGHT AND SHADOW

We have lived within the sunlight
And our days were passing sweet;
Every hour was filled with gladness,
Joy with every heart-throb beat.

Thou hast crowned our lives with blessings,
Kept us in Thy shelt'ring fold:
Now, as darkly come the shadows,
Keep us as Thou hast of old.

Help us bear the pain Thou sendest
With a spirit strong and sweet,
Learn the lesson Thou hast set us
Patiently, and when complete

Let us, kneeling at Thy footstool,
Every syllable recite;
Then wilt Thou, in tend'rest pity,
All the broken threads unite

That were severed when our loved ones
Passed from earthly sight away;
Grant that in Thy gracious presence
We may find unending day.

LIFE

O, what is life, that we should cling to it?
'Tis but the tide that keeps the storm-tossed ship
 From reaching port.
How we rush on, impelled by that great force
Which in ourselves, as in the ocean hoarse
 Doth flow and ebb.

But sometime it shall beat itself to rest,
And we, released, shall feel that God knew best,
 Held us to gain
Development so rounded and complete
That at the last a spirit strong and sweet
 Should onward pass.

ADVERSITY

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”
And if through adverse toil is born a gift,
Then use it wisely. It may lead thee on
 Till e’en the darkest cloud is pierced by rift.

WHY?

Why do we hunger so for human love?

We know Thy love, O God, is always near.
Are we so weak we cannot look above?

That we must find our present comfort here?

Yes, we are weak: and so we cry to Thee

For aid to tread life's pathway, as we go,
With step so patient, yet so firm and free
That others, watching us, may ever know

Whence comes our strength, as on Thy arm we
lean,

And still the craving of their sorrowing hearts;
O, may they quickly heavenly comfort glean,
And know no further grief ere life departs.

Then, as that life to Thee returns again,

Grant that it shall the perfect circle make:
When measured by the heav'nly compasses
Grant that no flaw the perfect whole shall break.

AGAIN A CHILD

Again a child I wander lone
Upon the sandy beach,
And gather shells the surging waves
Have strewn within my reach.

I write my name upon the sand
As in the days gone by,
Then watch the quickly rising tide
Advancing as I lie.

Full soon the name is washed away,—
And still the restless sea
Yet higher climbs, with swift approach,
Till I am forced to flee.

I climb the bluff and joyously
Across the field I flit
To seek the blasted cedar tree
And in its shadow sit.

The beach plums hang upon the bush,
Great gold and purple balls,
While poised against the blue above
A lonely sea-bird calls.

The rustling grasses nod their heads,
The sea-weeds idly float;
Afar the rugged fisher sings
As gently rocks his boat.

And now the sun adown the bay
Shines gloriously bright;
The colors deepen, flicker, fade,
Then merge in black of night.

MY PRAYER

O, Thou who mark'st the sparrow's fall,
Mark, too, with pitying eye,
The weakness of Thy child, I call—
O give a quick reply.

Each morn, as doth the light of day
My waking eyes illume,
I crave Thy spirit's strength for mine
And cast away my gloom.

At even-tide, when looking back
My failures, Lord, I see,
Wilt Thou blot out my every sin?
The good I offer Thee.

May I no more find good in sin
But taste Thy joys divine.
Now let me truly feel within
Thy daily love is mine.

And grant, O Lord, that in Thy light
My spirit shall grow pure
Until at last I end the fight
And gain the promise sure.

For well I know it hath been said
The pure in heart alone
Have gained the pow'r Thy face to see.
Accept me as Thine own.

Then when the last, long sleep shall come
My eyes shall calmly close:
My dying thoughts to Thee shall turn,
Whose hand this boon bestows.

REPOSE

When my tired soul would seek repose
I turn from earth to heaven,
Sustain'ed by the Hand divine
That paints the sky at even.

I gaze upon the changing tints
And feel within, around,
A holy peace; I lean on Him,
And I with joy am crowned.

“HIS WAYS ARE HIDDEN WAYS”

*“And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept or smiled.”*

— Longfellow.

How wonderful to never weep or smile,
But pay thy dues to life and death at birth,
Then yield the dainty clay to funeral pile
Or the soft pressure of benignant Earth.

Not once upon thy soul shall fall a stain,
Not once another soul shall sin through thee.
Thou hast upon thy mother's breast ne'er lain,
And yet her tender love flows full and free.

Thy tiny form hath now to dust returned;
Thy spirit, lent by God, with Him doth rest.
Through grief, thy friends His wisdom have discerned.

“His ways are not our ways,”—yet they are best.

TO A CHILD

Before you lies an unsailed sea,
Within your helpless hand
Is placed the helm to guide your bark
Toward an unknown land.

When once that bark, so fair and frail,
Is launched upon life's sea
It must sail on until at last
You reach that country free

Where none need fear as into port
With battered hulk they sail
If in their hearts they call on God:
His love will never fail.

O, there they find the door of Heav'n
Is ever open wide,
A list'ning ear for aye inclined,—
Can aught but good betide?

It may be that your voyage is short,
And that He loves you so
He soon will guide your tiny feet
Across the threshold low

With hand so gentle you will feel
No rougher touch than sleep,
While tenderly your eyelids press
Upon your waxen cheek.

But should the voyage prove long and rough,
Then will His pow'r sustain;
E'en should the angry waves engulf
You will not call in vain.

And you will find, as years pass on,
The seasoned timbers strong
Withstand the fiercest winds and waves
Though storms beat loud and long.

As gently falls the night of life,
Then cross the harbor bar
And anchor at the door of Heav'n —
Where His Beloved are.

DE SHADOWS

De shadows fall across our lives
An' none can tell de reason why.
My soul done question eb'ry day,
But it doan get no sure reply.

Sometimes it tinks it understan's,
An 'den calamities come fas';
My po' ole soul is overwhelmed
An' it done lose its faith at las'.

But soon a rif' comes in de cloud,
It sees de sun a shinin' froo;
So den it puts its cares away
An' lets de inner sun shine, too.

De pain an' woe a message bring:
Our God done lub His chil'en well.
If hard dey seem He knows de best,
An' oft of comin' joys dey tell.

CHARITY

A robe of white wears Charity,
She's fairer than a flow'r.
Her lips both pearls and rubies drop;
Her love, a priceless dow'r.

Her presence makes men manlier,
She sees no sin that's past:
For virtue only has she eyes,
Redeems all souls at last.

She shields the weak with mantle pure,
Her hand doth lead them home.
No evil thought hath Charity
Though far from right they roam.

Then let us closely follow her
Until we, too, may wear
Both robe and mantle like her own
And strive her work to share.

LET THEM SHINE THROUGH

Let them shine through —
They are within thy soul —
Peace, Love and Joy,
Shine through as the seasons roll.

They are thine own,
And none can quench but thee,
No mortal frail dominion hath
Over thy soul so free.

Let them shine through —
Others will peaceful be
If steadfast thou.
O, then, as the days ye see

So quickly pass
Reach out to all around
Until their waiting, weary souls
With Peace for aye abound.

Let them shine through —
Love gives a wondrous pow'r.
Bid her come in,
She bringeth a priceless dow'r.

Guided by her
Never offence shall come:
From hearts that are inspired by Love
No unkind thoughts have sprung.

Let them shine through —
Joy is a welcome guest;
Keep her always,
Her presence thy soul hath blest.

Friends gather round
Listening to her voice.
Then let her banish all thy care
And evermore rejoice.

POMPEY'S PRAYER

I'se ole an' feeble, Massa,
Dese han's can work no moah,
Please take me home ter Heab'n,
I see de op'n doah.

I heah de angels callin',
I see dem beck'n me—
O Massa, show dy mercy
An' set mah spirit free.

I feel mah eyelids closin',
At Heab'n's gate I stan'
Now, praise de Lord! His face I see.
I've gained de "Promised Lan'."

TO-MORROW

What will to-morrow bring to thee?

A life of joy,

From care set free?

Or will it bring more grief and pain?

Will it prove glad or sad refrain?

If Fate doth unto thee allot

Sweet joy, rejoice!

And yield her not.

To joy, how glad the welcome giv'n!

How soon the thongs that bound are riv'n!

If pain is sent, then may it bring

The strength to bear,

The heart to sing.

When spirit conquers flesh, O, then

E'en pain is helpful unto men.

Wilt thou be brave, or sore rebel

If hard the blow?

Ah! who can tell

But this: It is not ours to know

What it will bring of weal or woe.

MESSAGES

When friends reach out to us from far away
We greet each message with a beaming eye:
Why should we offer less when spirit friends
Send out their call, awaiting a reply?

Receptive always must our spirit be
If we the touch of unseen hands would feel.
We ask too much,—no earthly friend waits long
Unless we glimpse of inner self reveal.

They summon us, but when the tryst they keep
We simply wonder if it can be so,
The while they strive conditions to adjust
And conquer barriers we may not know.

O, if in love they haste to comfort bring,
How sorely we must hurt them by our doubt
When gladly they have left the higher sphere!
Unseen, unfelt,—yet they are all about.

The pow'r to see the flesh is giv'n to all:
How few the spirit even understand,
Still less can see the real, the lasting self
That soon or late must join the waiting band!

Who now would ask to feel the wounded side?
Accept with joy the truth so full and free
And thou shalt find that truth without alloy,
While greater knowledge soon shall come to thee.

Then be not slow to say: "I know you're here,"
And always quickly to their call respond.
How gladly should we welcome ev'ry sign
Of love that reaches out from the "Beyond."

THE SPIRIT'S FLIGHT

It may be far, it may be near —
The moment for its upward flight;
It may be at the dawn of day,
Perchance 'twill pass at noon of night.

But soon or late, it first must learn
Upon the Infinite to lean:
To feel the presence of the Lord
And know He's near, although unseen.

BURDEN-BEARING

Do not cast all on God,
But exercise your will
And your own burden bear —
His strength your heart will fill.

If you sit weakly down,
Waiting, beside the road,
Say: "Take my burden up,
I faint beneath its load."

Such weakness He will spurn,
For you were born to fight;
Adjust it to your back
And feel it growing light.

Know if you bravely live
He will in love draw near
And pity, help and bless.
Then call without a fear.

THE NEW BIRTH

When trailing o'er our threshold in the night,
Or ent'ring 'mid the noonday sun's strong glare,
The Angel Death doth bear our loved away
Take courage! they shall find a life more fair

For, newly born, their souls can enter in
To glories hidden from our veiled eyes;
While even we, if in the Silence held,
Can sense their welcome and their glad surprise.

'Tis seen upon the pale, fast-freezing face —
The smile of rapture as they enter in;
Be glad for them! the final struggle past
Their place among immortal ones they win.

'Tis but a cord, invisible to us,
That binds the spirit to its changing clay;
When gently loosened by soft, angel hands
Rejoicing they are safely borne away.

Let no rude shock come near them when the call
Sounds clear and sweet within the waiting ear.
Be glad their heritage is gained so soon,
Await a later summons without fear.

For God is love, and all can trust to Him
The fairest blossoms and the full-grown wheat.
He cares for them. Sometime, within the future
dim,
Our call will come and we our loved shall greet.

But while in earnest work we calmly wait
A wondrous bridge is stretched from shore to
shore,
On which in silence, or with silver speech,
They come and go until we part no more.

PROGRESSION

O, earth-bound Soul, take heed!
Thou hast a mission here:
For untold wealth of thought may come to thee
Alone, from higher sphere.

Life is but one short step,
It leads to vaster realm
Where, in the light of knowledge gained through
life,
No force can overwhelm.

He who hath gained the pow'r
To view life's phases with impassive eye
No longer questions why rebuffs must come,
For his clear vision sees the sure reply.

When spirit is released
From its repression by environment,
It knows through seeming flaws, sometimes,
Comes beauty and content.

And in that gladsome hour
When fettered Soul soars free,
To its progression and development
No limit there shall be.

INTO THE SILENCE

Into the Silence, O Soul, thou must go,
Thoughts waiting expression by thee thou shalt
know.

Sweeter, diviner than ear ever heard
Are the songs yet unsung but awaiting thy word.

Into the Silence, where naught can assail;
Only the spirit, while there, can avail;
'Tis given by God, and brings blessings untold:
Through Him will each soul into beauty unfold.

Into the Silence where wisdom doth wait,
Long though thou tarry 't is never too late.
Great are the truths that shall come to thee there,
Blessed the knowledge that Silence shall bear.

Into the Silence, thyself thou shalt find.
Infinite depths formed by Infinite Mind,
Reverence and awe with thee there shall abide.
Be found in the Silence whatever betide.

Into the Silence with self to commune,
There with the angels keep ever in tune.
There find thy mission,—'t is waiting thy will.
There, too, find the message that others may thrill.

Into the Silence where peace is instilled,
When message is given and mission fulfilled,
When ineffable light shall encompass thy soul,
Then commune with thy loved as the seasons
shall roll.

CONSCIENCE

Deep, deep within our being lies
A pow'r mysterious to mankind:
It proveth an unerring guide,
And yet it cannot be defined.

“’Tis of celestial fire a spark,”
Says one, and that is true indeed.
It casts a glow upon the good,
But burns the noisome fruit and weed.

Another likens to a voice:
It is a voice, both low and sweet,
Which faileth not to meet our ear
Its daily warnings to repeat.

We long to sin and lo! we hear
That voice within, it bids us stay
And tells us evil is the fruit
Of what we fain would do or say.

Its sure decay shall taint the soul
Ere we from bondage are set free.
We spurn temptation as it bids,—
Consuming flame removes debris.

Day follows day; we purer grow
While yielding to that voice divine
Until in very truth we say:
“Father, my will is merged in Thine.”

"MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU"

You cannot hope to walk with God
While still some secret sin
You clasp so closely to your heart
He cannot enter in.
Until all evil forth is cast,
Garnished and swept for Him
The chamber of your soul, and pure,
He cannot enter in.

Though weary, storm-tossed, you may know
His deep, abiding peace
And ne'er go forth again to roam,
But weary quest shall cease.
For read we in his "Holy Word:"
"My peace I leave with you."
O, precious gift beyond compare!
So old, yet ever new!

Then hand in hand with Him go forth —
His love shall round you shine
Until, reflected, all shall see
The radiance divine.
'T will lead them gently unto Him,
And then they, too, will grasp
His kindly hand and scale the heights
Eternal truth to clasp.

DISCIPLINE

We must suffer, we must work
Till a smile we wear
Though the heart be sorely wrung
With its load of care.

And if we still rebel,
When the flesh is worn away
We cannot hope to enter in
To everlasting day.

But in another sphere,
Yet always near to man,
We must be shaped through discipline
Till we accept His plan.

Then we will surely find
The key to perfect rest:
Quickly the soul will upward rise
No more by sin oppressed.

THE CHRIST-CHILD

When in their stalls, at midnight hour,
The cattle knelt before the Child,
He raised his hands as if to bless,
Then slept,— and in his dreams he smiled.

He saw not in the future dim
The rugged road, nor cross, nor crown.
But safe in Mary's arms he lay,
While little stars looked softly down.

She clasped him closer to her breast —
A gift divine, sent from on high.
Her mother-heart grew strangely calm
As swiftly fleecy clouds went by.

Soft shadows fell, but round the Child
A pure, white halo seemed to cling;
Afar she heard, that wondrous night,
A host of angels sweetly sing.

O mother-heart, rejoice! rejoice!
For lo, thy little Child, alway,
The Savior of the world shall be,—
Turn darkest night to endless day.

CHILD JESUS

Child Jesus in a manger,
The little stars on high
Shone o'er the infant stranger
And sang his lullaby.

No song was ever sweeter,
And children to this day
Do not forget to listen
If they his will obey.

Their ears are ever open
To catch the songs above,
Their eyes are ever watching
In tenderness and love.

For at the hour of midnight
Each glorious Christmas-tide
The lullaby still echoes
O'er earth and heaven wide.

O, may we learn a lesson
E'en from the little child!
May we believe and listen,
And praise the Christ Child mild.





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